

**THE
PARTRIDGE
(MAGAZINE)**

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THE PARTRIDGE



DUXBURY HIGH SCHOOL

May 1947

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THE PARTRIDGE

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Published three times yearly--November, February, and May--
by the students of Duxbury High School.

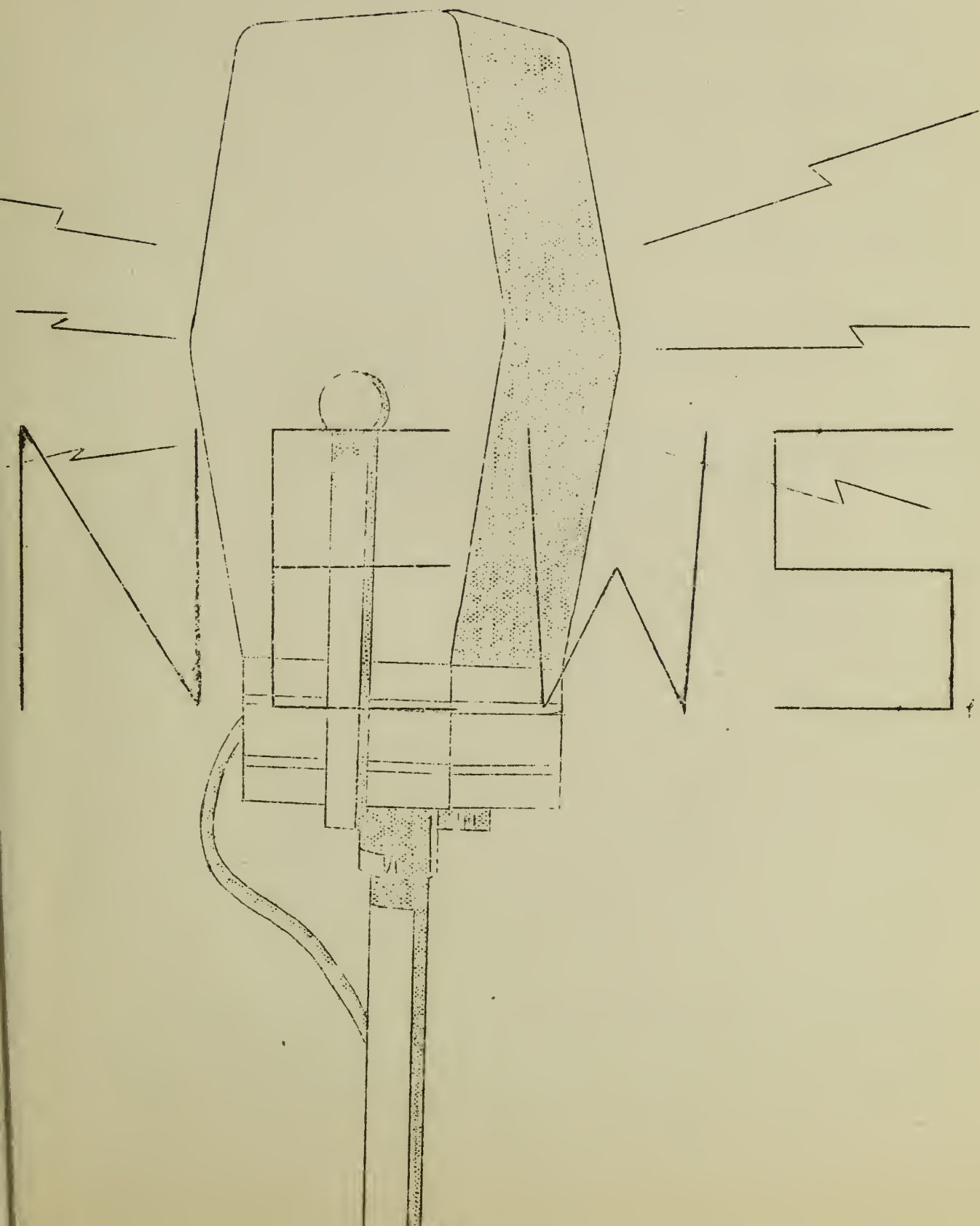
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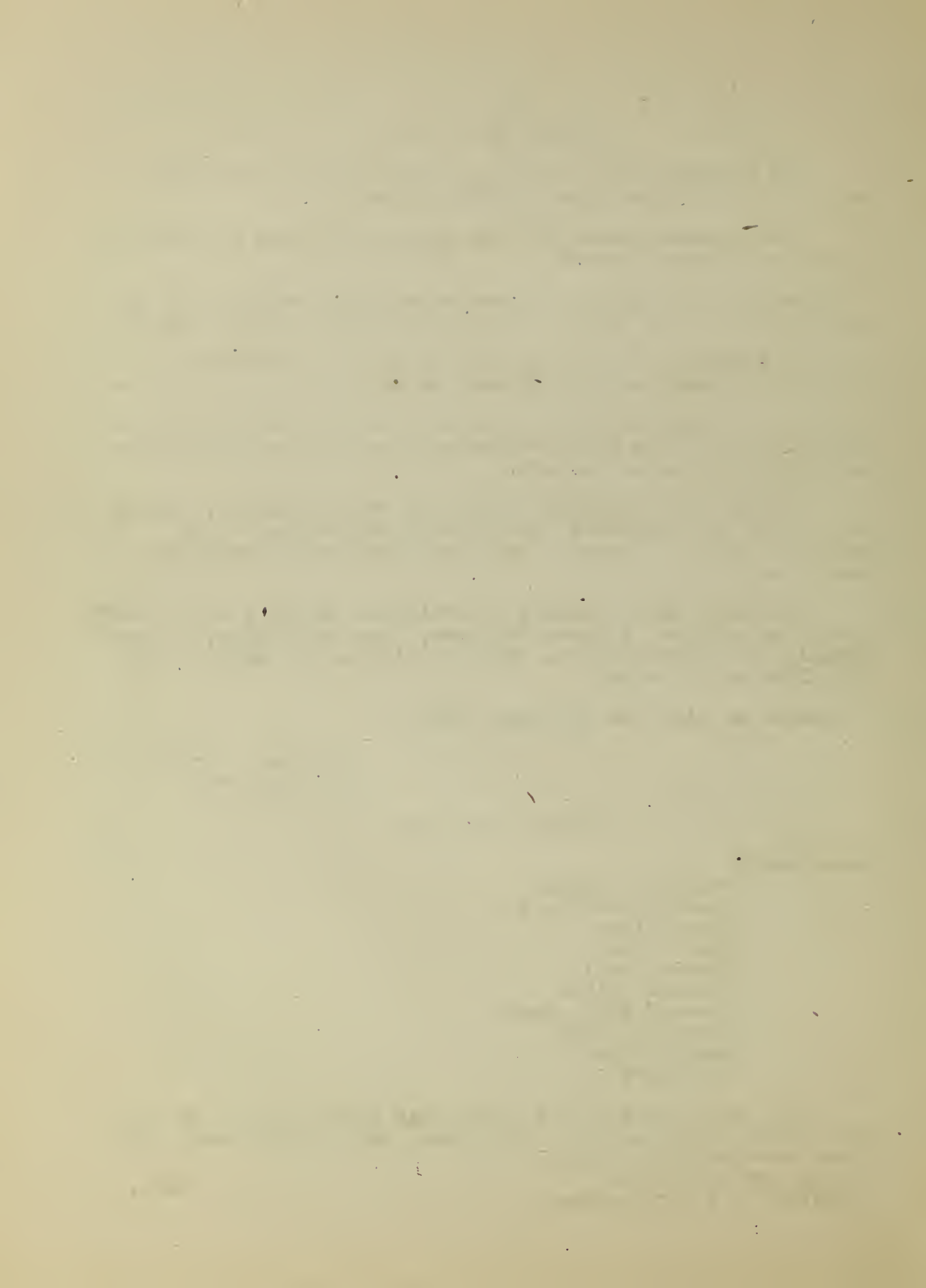
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

"Our earth is degenerated in these latter days. There are signs that the world is coming to an end. Children no longer obey their parents. Everybody wants to write a book. The end of the world is near."

"Children now love luxury, they have bad manners, contempt for authority, they show disrespect for elders, and love chatter in place of exercise. Children are now tyrants, not the servants of their households. They no longer rise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at the table, cross their legs, and tyrannize over their teachers. "

The first complaint was written by a discouraged Egyptian priest in 4000 B. C. Greek Philosopher Socrates registered the other one over 2000 years ago. Parents and teachers might as well resign themselves.





NEWS (cont.)

Courtesy

The Eighth grade is exhibiting great interest in the home room Courtesy Program. The class members gave actual demonstrations of the correct procedure followed in making and acknowledging introductions, going through a receiving line, calling a girl and asking for a date, and many other various branches of social activities in which young people are likely to engage.

Gail Wilson, Natalie Mosher, and Peter Whitis visited the Ninth grade and gave a capable demonstration of restaurant manners, including seating your date, assisting with her coat, and ordering the meal.

D. Couillard, D. White and C. Carlson also gave a demonstration on how to introduce a boy to a girl and how to acknowledge an introduction. The Eighth grade has asked for an extension of the period of time during which Courtesy is discussed.

Natalie Mosher

Ninth Grade News

On the 22th of February, the ninth grade had a class party. It was held at Quincy skating rink and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Those who are on the Honor Roll for the third term are:

Eva Caron
Sally Carlson
Barbara Peterson
Priscilla Wentworth

In English class, the ninth grade divided into two teams; the Eager Beavers and the Book Worms. The leader elected for the Eager Beavers is Nancy Glass and the leader elected for the Book Worms is Priscilla Wentworth. The losing side, the Book Worms provided the Eager Beavers with ice cream and cookies.

Eugene Whitehouse left our class April 16, 1947.

Anne Martin
Class Reporter

Typed by: Patti Shaw
Proofread by: Marilyn Coffey

NEWS (cont.)

Sophomore News

Marilyn Starbweather has recently left school.

The Honor Roll of the Sophomore class is as follows:

Anne Garside
Joan Hutcheon
Grace Martin
Barbara Nathan
Barbara O'Neil

The Tale of Two Cities is being read and projects are being made by the whole class. Guillotines, newspapers, dictionaries, charts and maps have been made. The class has worked very hard on these projects.

The baseball season has opened and many of the candidates for the teams have come from the Sophomore room.

The Sophomore class was like a "Hive of Busy Bees," running errands and getting ready for its dance. All kinds of posters were made by Ann Hovos and Betty Merry and they were put up throughout the town and Island Creek. Also many of the posters were put on the bulletins in the school building. Mr. and Mrs. Bassett have helped to put the dance over successfully. Mr. Blakeman offered to take charge of the refreshments. The people on the committees: Tickets--Martin Delano, Anna Glass, and Philip Randall. Refreshments--Richard Marshall, Flonnie Taylor, Marjorie Peterson and Ruth Washburn. Entertainment--Betty Griswold, Ann Brown, Joan Leatherbee and Helen Randall. Decorations--Barbara Nathan, Joan Hutcheon, Mary Ann Barclay and Lillian Sheehan.

The entertainment was a dance by Mary Ann Barclay, Ann Brown, Nancy Hazlehurst, Joan Hutcheon, Joan Leatherbee, Grace Martin, Lillian Sheehan, Florence Taylor and Ruth Washburn. Managua Nicaragua was sung by Helen Randall. Betty Griswold played the accordin, then there was Mrs. Bassett's mystery act. The girls in Home Economics made cookies for refreshments.

A lot of fun was had by the whole class while planning for the dance. The decorations and the girls' costumes were all done by the girls. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Bassett and Miss LeClaire were the chaperons for the night. The dance was a successful one.

Typed by: Carol Allen
Proofread by: Marilyn O'Neil

NEWS (Cont.)

Junior Class News

The Junior class has started plans for a dance which is to be held the 16th of May. As things stand now it will not be the traditional Junior Prom. There have been several good ideas offered as to the type of dance but as yet the class has not decided.

The committees have been elected and the orchestra will be Henry Stewart's 7 piece band from Brockton.

If you see a mummy or two around school don't be alarmed. The health class is studying a chapter on first aid.

Honor roll for the eleventh grade is as follows:

Phyllis Jenner
Dorothy Dobson
Patricia Loring

Senior News

The senior class is busy planning graduation exercises. Shirley Brown, Bernard Mullaney, Nancy Soule, and Guild Rosengren are on the graduation committee.

The honor essays will be written by Frances Ivanoff, Faith Bolton, and George Nathan.

Gold class pins arrived recently for most of the senior class.

The class parts are as follows:

Gift to school.....	Shirley Brown
Class Song.....	Pat Shaw and Bernard Mullaney
Class Will.....	Berda Davis and Stuart Lovell
Class Gifts.....	Marilyn Coffey and Bill Garrity
Class History.....	Doris Parkman and Frank Rogerson
Class Prophecy.....	Helen Parkman and Guild Rosengren
Class Motto.....	Nancy Soule

The honor roll for the third term---Faith Bolton
George Nathan
Helen Parkman
Frances Ivanoff

Contd'

Typed by; Carol Allen
Proofread by; Marilyn Coffey

An enthusiastic audience filled the Duxbury High auditorium on the nights of April 11th and 12th when the Myles Standish Club staged one of the most outstanding Minstrel Shows ever held in Duxbury.

The show, "The Duxbury Blackbirds of 1947", featured a colorfully clad chorus of sixty high school girls and boys and a howl-arious line of ten end-men. Each end-man was a star in himself not only in the apt manner the end songs were "put across" but also in their response to audience reaction and their genuine enjoyment of all that went on.

The thanks of the Myles Standish Club and the entire cast go to their director, Harriet Phillips Crocker, for her many hours of hard work and for her patience and perseverance during the long weeks of rehearsals. The thanks of the club also go to those who purchased ads to make possible an excellent program, to the program committee, ticket collectors, ushers, costume committee, transportation committee, stage committee and to all those who enthusiastically supported the venture. A special vote of appreciation goes to Mrs. Ralph Blakeman for the endless hours she spent at the piano. Although a great deal of effort and hard work went into the production, the cast feels that an equal amount of fun was derived from its work.

On Sunday night, April 13th, the club again presented the show at a benefit performance in the Plymouth County Hospital in Hanson. Mr. Blakeman and the cast were sorry to see this final performance come to an end but they are hoping to open again at some later date in some other town, or in Duxbury this summer.

Phyllis Jenner '47

Helping Hands

One raw winter night at Atlanta's Chandler Airport, an old lady confessed that this was her first plane trip when I introduced myself as the flight-steward. It was hardly a night for a first flight; rain mixed with sleet hammered on the ship as we taxied to the end of the runway. The old lady looked very tense. Breaking a strict rule, I unfastened my seat belt and sat on the arm of her seat, taking her cold hand in mine. She squeezed my hand tight and held on. After we were safely aloft, as I started back to my seat, she said: "Now son, if you are afraid when we go to land, you come right back here and I'll hold your hand again."

Taken from Reader's Digest

Typed by: Helen Parلمان

Proof-read by: Marilyn Coffey



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BOYS' SPORTS

by George Ivanoff

The Duxbury High basketball squad finished in fifth place after being reorganized by Coach Blakeman. If everything goes as planned, next year the squad hopes to come out in first place. The squad is losing only two members--William Garrity and George Nathan, so next year's squad will have mostly experienced men.

The baseball season has started and the tournament was not as good or as big as the Coach hoped it to be, but the players who did turn out are capable men who will become better with practice.

On March 15th the boys' basketball squad traveled to Nantucket and enjoyed a good trip and a big welcome. Mr. Herrick accompanied the squad and took a lot of pictures which most of the boys and girls have seen. Almost everyone brought a camera so we have a complete pictorial record of the trip.

After the squad finished all their league games, they had two practice games with Pembroke and won both.

Hopes are now being centered on D.H.S. having a football team next year but plans are still uncertain. If there is a football squad, there will be more members and probably more games to be played next year.

To all you eighth grade football players--eat plenty of wheaties, do a lot of studying and run that mile every night so you'll be on the squad next year.

George Ivanoff
Boys' Sports Editor

Typed by: Carol Allen
Proofread by: Pat Loring

GIRLS' SPORTS

The Basketball season, which is now over, saw the Duxbury Girls' finish in sixth place in the South Shore League.

Doris Parkman was the team's high scorer of the season with Louise Marr next in line.

Girls taking part in basketball this year were Louise Marr, Doris Parkman, Ann Brown, MaryAnn Barclay, Roberta White, Nancy Soule, Faith Bolton, Helen Parkman, Lillian Sheehan, Barbara Nathan, Barbara O'Neil, Joan Hutcheon, Jacqueline Marr, Joan Leatherbee, Marjorie Peterson, and Ann Garside with Gertrude Phillips as Manager.

The following is an individual record of points scored by each girl:

Doris Parkman	159
Louise Marr	110
Ann Brown	36
Barbara Nathan	33
Barbara O'Neil	12
Lillian Sheehan	5
Helen Parkman	4
Jacqueline Marr	3
Joan Leatherbee	3

The girls have been playing intra-mural basketball games with teams made up from the different classes. They played Tuesdays and Thursdays after school.

The Sophomores were the victors over all the other classes.

During gym classes the girls have been learning the techniques of Volley Ball. After more practice they will have a Volley Ball team and play some of the surrounding towns.

Type by: Patti Shaw

Proofread by: Pat Loring

GIRLS' SPORTS (cont.)

Softball practice has begun with many new girls going out for the team. Some of the girls are: L. Marr, L. Sheehan, M.A. Barclay, M. Peterson, J. Leatherbee, H. Randall, A. Leonardi; A. Brown, A. Garside, B. O'Neill, P. Wentworth, N. Glass, J. Hutcheon, C. Dunkle, F. Hagbourne, J. Harvey, C. Lovell, A. Torrey, P. Bridgham, A. Butler, J. Wirt, J. Marr and D. Couillard. It is hoped that they will have a better season than last year as they have a lot of new and better material.

Doris Parkman
Girls' Sports
Editor

ALUMNI NEWS Class of 1944

Mae Barclay- at present is working in Washington D.C.
Cecilia Bulu- is engaged and plans to be married in June.
Nancy Brock- is attending the University of New Hampshire.
Alice Caron- is married to Albert Thomas and is living in Island Creek,
Justine Delano- is now Mrs. George Fontaine.
Ann Harvey- is attending Mt. Holyoke College.
J. Larkin Harvey- is in the Navy.
Marjorie Holloway- is married and lives in California.
Phyllis Lovell- is working in Filene's.
Virginia Merry- is married to Norman Gilman and is living in Boston and at present is attending B.U.
Phyllis Mosher- is working at the Harvard Business School in Cambridge.
Vera Peterson- is a Student Nurse at the New England Hospital for Women and Children and is graduating in September.
Frank Phillips Jr.- is living in Duxbury and plans to start a fish business in the near future.
Vera Randall- is married to Lawrence Raymond and at present is living in Island Creek.
Eva Taylor- is working in Quincy.

George Nathan
Alumni Editor

Type by: Patti Shaw
Proofread by: Pat Loring

OUR EIGHTY-THREE FOOTER GOES DOWN

Ours was a boat, eighty-three feet long. One of the roughest, most back-breaking, hard to get used to boats in the service of the Coast Guard.

On the morning of October 10, 1945, we, the crew of fourteen, awoke to one of the most beautiful mornings we had ever seen. Not a ripple marred the surface of Buckner Bay, and a light cool breeze made a welcome change from the stifling heat which had clung to Okinawa like a blanket for a week past.

Having washed and dressed, we ate a leisurely breakfast, consisting of powdered eggs, dehydrated potatoes and black coffee, then set to our cleaning stations. Bright-work and decks, requiring brass polish, wax, and a lot of elbow grease, fell to the seamen. The gunners' mates had their guns, mouse-traps, and depth charge racks, and to my helpers and myself, the sound gear, radar, and radio, looked for attention.

We all took a personal pride in our various duties, as well we might, having been commended on the appearance and operational ability of our home in service, by various base and fleet commanders under whom we had worked. Clean up, therefore, did not take long.

After everything was ship shape, the Skipper, who had had no orders from our base, started a small game of chance in the galley, our only place of recreation. Soon there after checker and cribbage boards began making an appearance and everyone except the man on watch was doing what most suited his fancy.

At eleven o'clock, with demand, "Clear out you guys, and give me room," 'Cookie' came into the galley and started to prepare our noonday meal.

After chow, I went on watch, and in checking and recording the reading of the barometer and thermometer, wind direction, force and cloud formation, I noticed a change. The barometer had dropped three points, and the sky, beautifully clear earlier that morning, was now becoming dark and cloudy. By two o'clock the barometer had dropped eight points, and a storm warning, with orders for small craft to seek shelter, was received on our radio.

OUR EIGHTY-THREE FOOTER GOES DOWN (cont.)

I notified the Skipper, who was taking a noonday nap, and we put into the dock from our mooring in the bay.

It soon started to rain, the seas became choppy and by the time I was relieved on watch at four P.M., a gale was blowing, our mooring lines had been doubled, and fenders lined our sides from bow to stern to keep our wooden hull away from the steel pontoon wharf.

Orders were given to get under way, and the crew were standing by their lines ready to cast off when the Chief Machinist's Mate notified the Skipper that water had somehow wet down the engines and that we would have to stay at the wharf.

We doubled and redoubled our lines and even put our anchor chain in service. Everything on deck was secured, and all hatches dogged down.

At nine P.M., with the wind blowing so hard we could hardly stand against it, our lines began to snap, allowing us to rock so hard, that our fenders started to fray and break off. Mattresses, blankets, and even our sea bags, which we had packed on the second warning, were used to fill the gaps left by broken fenders.

By eleven P.M., a hole had been smashed through the hull into the galley, and water began to fill our bilges. Our bilge pumps were started, and then the dock pumps, operated by hand; but even with both going, the water kept gaining, until, at two o'clock on the morning of October eleventh, the Skipper ordered the pumps stopped and the crew onto the wharf, where we saw what, for some of us, for three good years, had been our home, slowly beat into pieces and sink.

Daylight found us cold, wet and vainly seeking some place of shelter. Everywhere Quonset huts, tents and native shacks were blown flat. Food was very scarce, and all but one means of communication was cut off.

Hospital ships which had left two days previous to the storm, were recalled, and loaded to capacity with the injured. The dead, and there were men, - young fellows washed overboard from the large ships, - who, if not drowned in the heavy seas, had then been battered to death on the coral, which surrounds the bay, were all about us. On land, were others who had been crushed beneath falling huts, or had been cut in half, like the body of one fellow I saw, by flying pieces of sheet steel of which the Quonset huts were made.

Typed by: Shirley Brown
Proofread by: Helen Parkman

OUR EIGHTY-THREE FOOTER GOES DOWN (cont.)

The day, in itself was beautiful. The sun was shining and a cool breeze was blowing over the death and destruction of yesterday.

John Mobbs

SPRING POEM

The season of basketball
Has just been here,
The season draws near
Of baseball year.

Six more days and it will be Spring,
And with it will come the familiar sound,
Of ball against bat on the old playground.

No more overcoat, no more hat,
"Hurry up kid, it's your turn to bat."

Newton Hyslop '53

MY BUNNY

I have a little bunny,
That is very very funny.

He has a little trick
That he does very quick

He lays flat and plays dead
And buries his soft fluffy little head

He runs, he hops, he plays, he jumps,
My, what fun he had in those big grass
clumps.

Pamela Scott '53.

LITERARY (cont.)

THE TOY RABBIT

I'm not the kind of rabbit
Who lives inside a hutch;
I do not feed on lettuce
Or even like it much.
You'll find me on a Christmas tree
Beside a Tollipop;
And if you wind me with a key
I'll hop----hop --hop!

Marilyn Brown '53

MY DEAR LITTLE PUP JUDY

I have a little pup
Who used to play with glee,
But now she doesn't do that much,
She's getting old, you see.

Still I think she's just as dear,
Although she is not young,
She and I are always dear,
And always having fun.

THE-OUT-OF-DOORS

I just love the Out-of-Doors
With its soft, green, and grassy floors,
The roof, of course, is the sky,
Bright blue and oh so high!

Its curtains are great big trees,
With all their green and shady leaves,
And, of course, there are the birds,
Singing songs as we say words.

Elaine Macomber '53

BOOK REPORT

The scene is set in the Maine woods, in the book, Happy The Land. It is not an autobiography of an important person, but has been written for pure enjoyment by Louise Dickenson Rich.

Autobiographies, I find, are more interesting than fiction of any other sort. The facts of everyday life, of a different people and surroundings have always fascinated me.

I enjoyed Louise and her husband, Ralph. They were like any ordinary people, anywhere in America, but they are written cleverly into an interesting story, and I enjoyed visiting with them. They went on canoe trips together. They teased, joked, laughed, and worked together.

After Ralph died Louise still stayed in the woods, her adopted home. She mentioned some people pitying her, but she in return pitied them, for they were missing all the fun she, in her own way, was having.

I would recommend this book to anyone who likes to read. It's exciting and adventurous and provides an excellent evening's entertainment.

Priscilla Wentworth '50

PATIENCE

When the dark of evening falls,
When morning breaks with roosters' calls,
My thoughts are with you dearest one
Wondering what new claim you have won.
Though we may be far apart,
Ever faithful is my loving heart.
Someday when our sky is blue,
I'll share each joy with you,
So until then;--
My devotion knows no end.

Barbara Davis '47

Typed by: Shirley Brown
Proof read: Marilyn Coffey

HUMOR and GOSSIP

Blah, Blah, etc.!

BLAH,
BLAH,
BLAH,
BLAH,
BLAH!



Handwritten text, possibly a title or header, including the word "HOMER" and some illegible scribbles.



HUMOR AND GOSSIP

Johnnie: "I'm groping for words."

Nancy: "Well, I hope you don't think you'll find them around my neck."

Mother: "Where do bad little girls go?"

Daughter: "Most everywhere."

Plumber: "I've come to fix the old tub in the kitchen."

The son: "Ma, here's the doctor to see the cook."

A young man was anxious to have his fortune told. He went to a swami. As he sat at the table, he noticed the crystal ball had two holes in it.

"What's the idea of the holes?" he asked.

"On Wednesday nights," explained the swami, "I go bowling."

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam as his wife fell out of the tree.

"Guess I'll hit the hay," said the farmer as he slid off the barn.

Diner: "What kind of pie is this supposed to be---apple or peach?"

Waitress: "What does it taste like?"

Diner: "Glue."

Waitress: "Then it's apple, the peach tastes like putty."

Bernie was explaining his bicycle smash-up to a crowd of boys.

Bernie: "It was a terrible crash. I was knocked to the ground speechless; the front wheel was thrown into the gutter-----spokeless."

Miss Collins: "What is a debtor?"

Helen: "A man who owes money."

Miss Collins: "And what is a creditor?"

Helen: "A man who thinks he is going to get it back."

She: "What tense is 'I am beautiful?'"

He: "Past."

Son: "Dad, what was your great ambition when you were a kid?"

Father: "To wear long pants. And I've got my wish. If there's anybody in this country that wears his pants longer than I do I'd like to see him."

Typed by: Shirley Brown

Proof-read by: Carol Allen

HUMOR (cont.)

Man: Hey, that wasn't the tooth I wanted pulled!
Dentist: Calm yourself, I'm coming to it!

The Jenner-Rosengren romance is on the rocks at present but we foresee a Jenner-Freeman one coming along, although one can never be sure what names to link. . Things are forever changing.

The Nantucket trip is all over for another year for most of us but we know some people who were so fond of the island (we can't imagine why) that they're going to work there this summer.

Trudie really went to town dancing. She was absent two days with a sore hip!

How can Bob Hollis, little jitny hold all those girls he's always with? Ninth wonder of the world, I guess!!

Speaking of Bob's girlfriend's..we hear via one of them that the Duxbury boys won gold basketballs this year---nice going, Bob!

In the spring a young man's fancy turns not to love at DHS. but to a whiffle...right boys??

"Ivy" is not only wearing a ring now but she sports a gold I.D. bracelet..nice going.

Seems as though Louise is the one to get thrown around in the jeep lately...good exercise!

The impossible has happened...Frank R. has gone down to the 8th grade to howl. Trying to rob the cradle "Rogie?"

Why all the trips to Plymouth, Betty G.? Couldn't by any chance be for "Furt", could it?

Joannie spends her leisure hours in Kingston, but of course not because Bob lives there.

Well the spring air got "Smiley" and his car got a paint job at last. Now he'll be man about town again and Shirl can turn fresh air fiend.

Typed by: Shirley Brown
Proof-read by: Marilyn Coffey

HUMOR (cont.)

Bill Garrity has been absent a lot lately with colds. Could it be from a rumble seat?

Even though Lil was a little on the dark side at the minstrel show, she seemed to brighten up after it...Must have been Casanova in the second row.

Who were the two dashing Romeo's with Trudie and Helen after the minstrel show?

George Ivanoff is skipping out on his class dance for a Prom.. She must be nice!

Carol Allen's house was really filled to overflowing the night of the show, wasn't it Carol?

There were a few new twosomes around for Fiesta time, such as Pat and Dick.

P. Merry must work too hard helping Mr. MacKenney in Algebra for he sleeps it off during Physics.

Guild's "dream girl" is supposed to be from Durbury but he does spend a lot of time somewhere near Foston.

Imagine!

Coff----Going on a sentimental journey.
Shirl----Without those tapping legs.
Louise----Not giggling in Algebra
Carol----Looking sloppy.
Stuie----With his mind off a certain girl.
Doris----An Aunt!
Johnny M.----Without his women
Rosie----Owner of the First National Store.
Pat----Meek and timid.
George----In Miss Carlson's cooking class.
Phyllis----A quiet little girl.
Smilie----Without Shirl
Kenny----With lily white hands.
Mary Ann----In Atlantic City.
Ed Baker----Without his car.
Merritt----"Huggin' and A'Chalkin'"
Bob H.----Going to Colby Jr.
Miss Dorney----Unwilling to help.
Miss LeClaire----6'2".
Mr. Wood----Not giving a test.
Miss Collins----Talking to school.
Mrs. Bassett----Not up to her neck in work.

Natalie Mosher

Typed by: Shirley Brown
Proof read by: Carol Allen

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